



Tarzan

PRESENTS

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

NO. 2
NOV.
30¢



WEIRD WORLDS

DAVID INNES
FIGHTS FOR HIS
LIFE...
"AT THE
EARTH'S
CORE!"



2-145

PLUS
HIS CHOICE IS SLAVERY...
OR DEATH! HIS NAME IS... **JOHN CARTER**—WAR LORD OF MARS!

John Carter WARLORD OF MARS

Adapted From the Famous Martian Series
of EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
by ALAN RUMMER and MARSHALL JORDAN

Chapter Five: "ESCAPE"



I AM NO LONGER AMAZED AT ANYTHING I FIND ON THIS SAVAGE WORLD OF MARS. LOVE AND HONOR, QUALITIES UNKNOWN ON EARTH, ARE SCORNED BY THE GIANT GREEN MEN KNOWN AS THAROKS.

THUS MY SURPRISE IS CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD WHEN ISOLA, MY MARTIAN TEACHER AND FRIEND, CONFIDES THAT UNBEMINDED TO ALL HER FATHER IS TALES PAROKS, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE GREAT THARK ARMY.

UNKNOWN TO EGYIAN THOMAS, ISOLA OR MYSELF, SAVAGELY CONSPIR TO ABANDON THAROKS, HEAD OF THE GREEN MEN, LEARNED OF

SO—THE JASDOOMAN** WISHING TO ESCAPE, BUT THEN LET HIM WISH WELL...

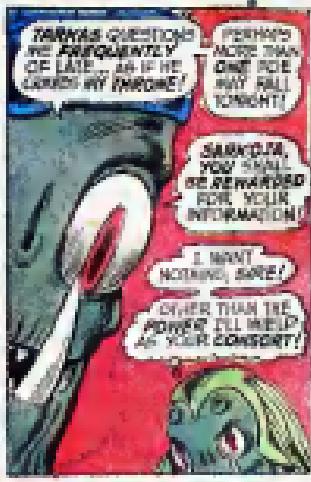
FOR TONIGHT,
JOHN CARTER
DIES!!



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INSTANTLY I SPRANG... TO PLUNGE MY BLADE INTO THE SECOND THARK...





AT THAT
MOMENT...

SOLO'S RIGHT—
THEY DO WORK...

THEN YOU BETTER
TEACH ME QUICKLY—
WE HAVE NO TIME
TO LOSE!

JOHN CARTER—
HURRY! THEY
ARE COMING!

BUT THEY'LL ONLY
CARRY THIRTY IN
EACH!



NO TIME FOR
FIGHTING LESSONS
NOW, PRINCESS...
YOU AND SOLO
TAKE THIS
ONE CRAFT...

I'LL WAIT
FOR YOU IN NEPTUNE
WHEN I CAN!

NO! I'LL STAY
HERE TO FIGHT
AND PROTECT
YOUR SHIP!



YOU BETTER ME
TODAY, SOLO.
MY LOVE...
ONE WOULD
THINK YOU
WERE TRYING
TO GET RID
OF ME!

NEVER!
I WOULD LOVE
YOU EVEN IF
I DROVE
PLUTONIUM
DOWN THE
JETTIES FIRST.
SOLO, SORRY.

"VALLEY OF DEATH
OR VALLEY OF HEAVEN"

YOU MUST
LEAVE ME
MY LOVE.
BEFORE IT
IS TOO LATE!

SOLO TO YOU,
MY FRIEND. I
SHALL HOLD
YOUR TRUST
LIKE A PRIZED
SUIT.

SOLO—
CARE OF HER,
AND YOURSELF.

AND SOLO—
SAY ONE, THEY
ARE BOTH SICK!



NOW— GO OFF!

IT IS TIME
FOR BATTLE...

—AND THAT
IS BETTER BOUGHT
ALONE!



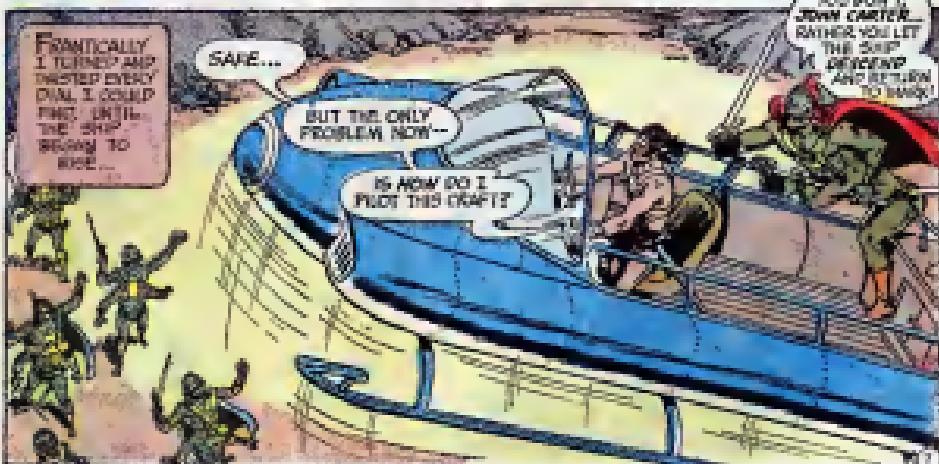
THE SHIP ROSE LIKE A WIGWAM FEATHERS INTO THE CRANNED SKIES! I WATCHED IT GO BUT A MOMENT DESPERATELY WISHING TO BE AT THE HELM ALONGSIDE MY PRINCESS...

THEN THE THAXOS WERE ON ME...

AAAAH!
AAAAH!

I LUNGED FORWARD, MY EYES BURNING WITH A HAWKING PERSPIRATION...AND THE REST GREEN JAW QUICKLY FELL...

IF JESUS IS HUNGRY, IT WILL AFEW ME JOHN CARTER'S BONES! SHELL FEAST ON, BEAST...







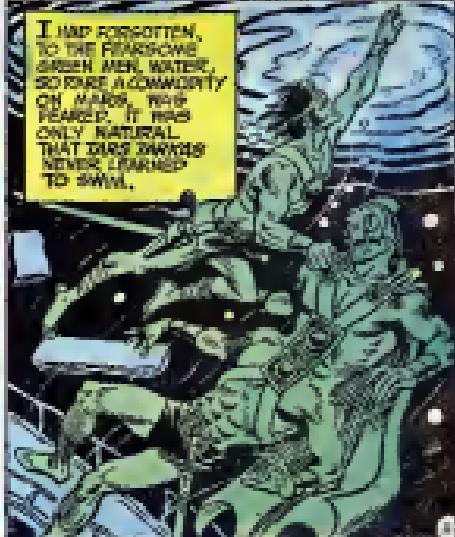


USING HIS OWN WEIGHT AGAINST HIM, I GRABBED TRAKK WITH MY FEET AND TWISTED SUDDENLY...

NOT SO FAST, FERNANDO! THIS IS NOT ON MY LIST OF "THINGS TO DO WHILE VISITING TRAKK!"

UNOOH-HOOH!





SURVIVORS, DARE DARING AND
I HELP CRIED DOWN FLOATING
DEBRIS FROM THE AIR SHIP.

THEN, IN THE
DISTANCE, WE SAW
IT SWIM FROM
THE RIVER LIKE A
MOUNTAIN JEWEL...
LAND...

I OWE YOU MY LIFE FOR
THE SECOND TIME TODAY,
JIMMY CARTER!

BUT IN THE FIGHT,
IT WAS ALL
DEBATES!

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN I WERE
NOT DEAD...
AND THERE'S
LAND BEFORE
US! WE'LL BE
SAFE THERE!



NEXT: **INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH!**

D
WEST
C
OMIC

DO YOU BELIEVE IN

50

Tarzan



THE ORIGINAL
APE-MAN
SHOUTS A CHALLENGE...
WHICH IS
ANSWERED BY
DANGER!
EXCITEMENT!
ADVENTURE!
IN THIS **BIG BOOK** OF
Tarzan

160 Pages 50

CONTINUING THE SAGA OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

PELUGIDAR

THE WORLD AT THE EARTH'S CORE

FOR DAVID INNES AND ABNER PERRY--
TWO MEN LOST IN THE HIDDEN WORLD
AT THE EARTH'S CORE--THE ETERNAL
NOONDAY HAS NOT BEEN GOING WELL!

ATTACKED BY SAVAGE CREATURES
UPON THEIR ARRIVAL HERE, THEY
HAVE SINCE BECOME PRISONERS
OF THE BEASTLY SASOOTHIS--
AND NOW HAVE BEEN WITNESS
TO A DARING ESCAPE...

DEFEND YOURSELF,
PERRY--THE BEAST-
KIN ARE MAD WITH
RAGE!

—SOMETHING THE SASOOTHIS
DO NOT TAKE EASILY TO!

I'M SORRY, DAVID
MY BOY--I'M AFRAID
IT'S HOPELESS!

SLAVES OF THE MAHAIRS

LEN WEIN: WRITER / ALAN KIRKES: ARTIST
C. BONNER: INKER

BASED ON THE NOVEL
"AT THE EARTH'S CORE"

IN THIS TIMELESS LAND NO
ONE CAN SAY HOW LONG THE
UNHAPPY BATTLE RAGES...

...BUT WHEN AT LAST, IT IS OVER...

I HATE TO SAY IT,
PERRY OLD CHUM...

SORRY, DAVID--
THAT DOESN'T GIVE
ME MUCH SOLACE!

—BUT YOU WERE RIGHT!

WHEN THE GRIM PROCESSION GETS UNDER WAY ONCE MORE...



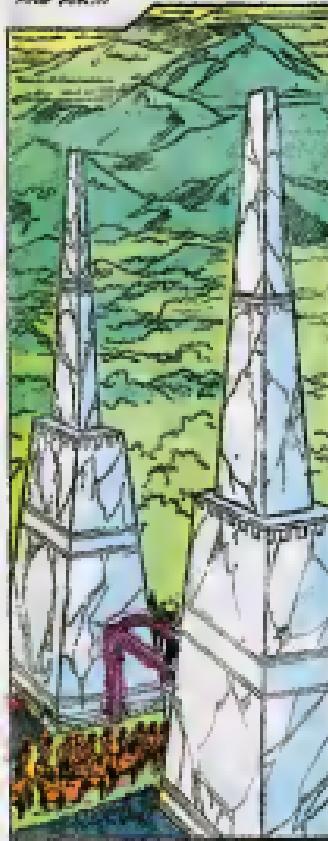
FOR A MOMENT, THE SHADY MAN STUDIED HIS COMPANION'S TAUT FEATURES--THEN...



EDITOR'S NOTE: SEE READING MATERIAL



PHUTRA-- THE PURPLE CITY-- A SPRAWLING MAZE OF UNDERGROUND STREETS AND TUNNELS BIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF THE UNINITIATED-- ITS LOCATION MARKED BY LOFTY GRANITE TOWERS THAT SUPPLY MURK LIGHT AND AIR--



GOOD LORD, PERHAPS
WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES
ARE THOSE?



TRAIL, PAUP AND
BOX ARE
THESE WORDS

--REPTILES OF THE MAHAR
OLITHIC PERIOD--OR, TO
PUT IT MORE SUCCINCTLY
THESE ARE THE--
MAHARS!!



AND PERHAPS AFTER IT
IS FOR WHEN THE
SHADDOED TRAVELERS
REACH THE STAIRWAY'S
END...

DO THIS IS AMERICA
REMAINS THE SLIGHTEST
ON THE NEW YORK
SUBWAY SYSTEM.

-EXCEPT THAT IT'S
FILLED WITH ROADS
AND SWOONERS... AND
ANNE...

SHORTLY...



PERRY--LOOK! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR THOSE TWO MONSTERS WERE SPEAKING!



WHAT THEY DO IS PROJECT THEIR THOUGHTS INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION--WHERE THEY BECOME UNDERSTOOD BY THE SIXTH SENSE OF THEIR LISTENER!



--WHAT?

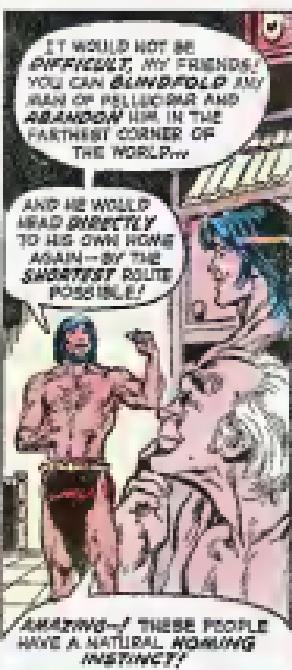
SOON, THE NEW PRISONERS ARE SET TO WORK IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE CITY--AND SO WE HOP OUR TWO WAYWARD HEROES--SAY--IN A PHUTRAN SLUMMERY...

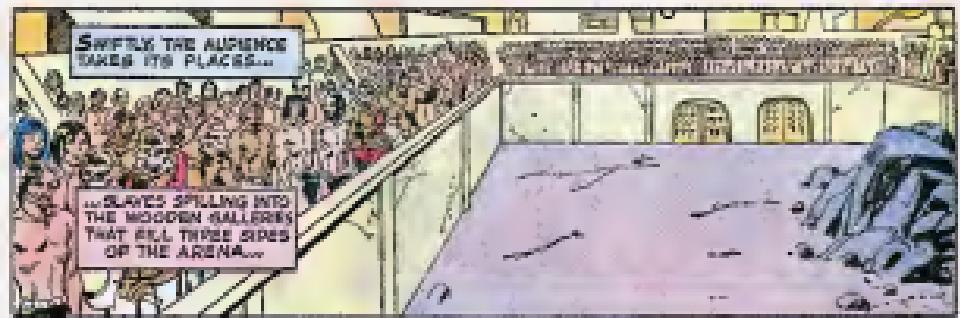


LOOK AT THIS AREA! MY BOY THIS IS EVIDENTLY WAPER--AND ALL OF THIS IS LANDY!

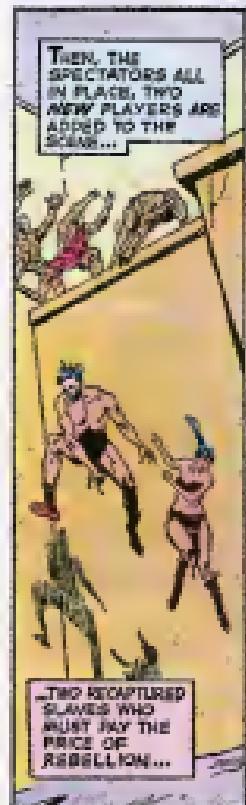
DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING ABOUT THE GENERAL CONVERSATION OF THE TWO ABERR?

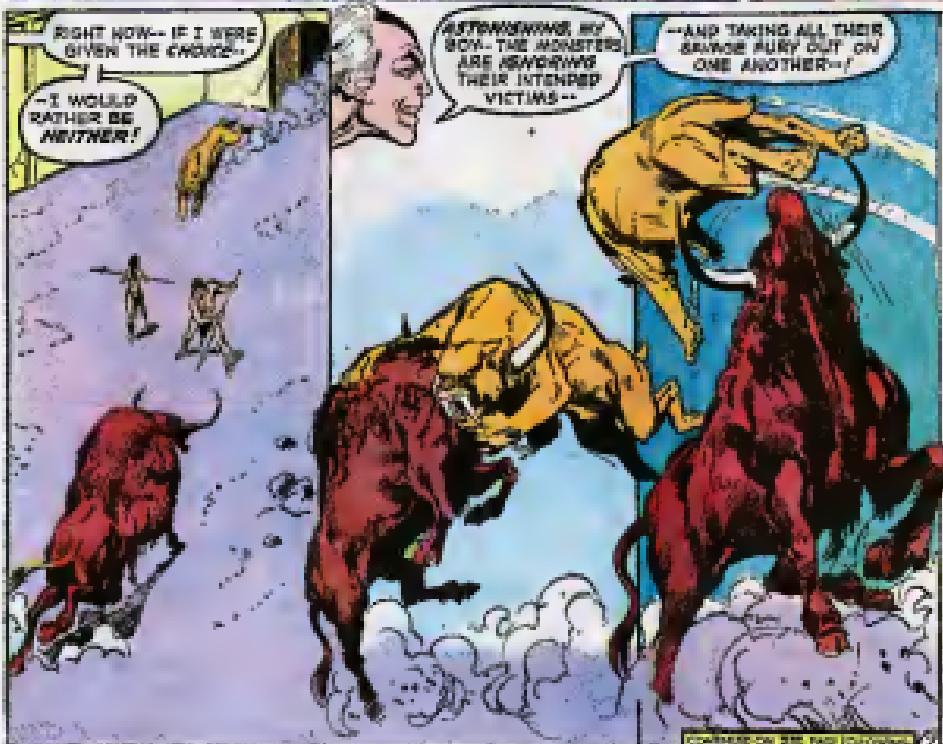






... WHILE THE GRIMLY SILENT SLAVES SLIP GRACEFULLY ACROSS THE PACKED DIRT FLOOR -- TO TAKE THEIR PLACES IN THE BEAVER THEATRE'S FRONT ROW ...





IN PAIN AND IN RAGE, THE
TWO SHAGGY COMBATANTS
TURN THE ARENA INTO A
BLOOD-SOAKED
BATTLEFIELD...



...AND WHEN THAT OPPORTUNITY
FINALLY PRESENTS ITSELF...



...WHILE THEIR NOW-
FORGOTTEN OPPONENTS
DART DEFTLY AROUND
THE CIRCLE--WAITING
THEIR CHANCE TO ACT...

...THEY WASTE NO
TIME IN PUTTING
IT TO USE!

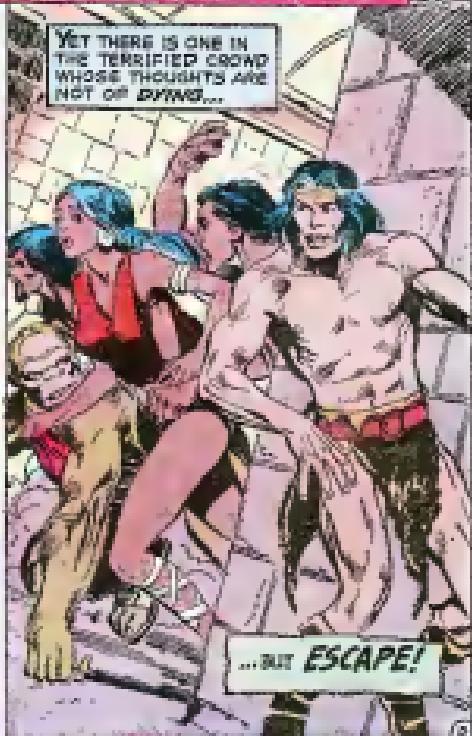


FOR A MOMENT,
THE SURVIVING
BENOMOTH SAWS
ON ITS FEET--AND
THEN, ITS OVERWHELMING
AGONY AT LAST
REACHING ITS TINY
BRAIN...

...THE CREATURE
RUNS AWAY...

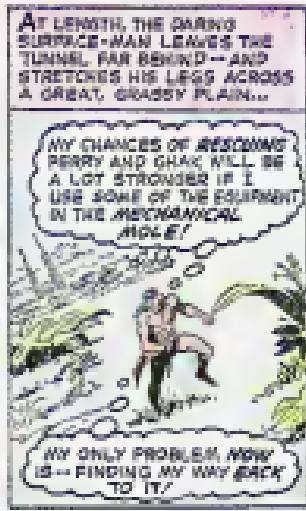


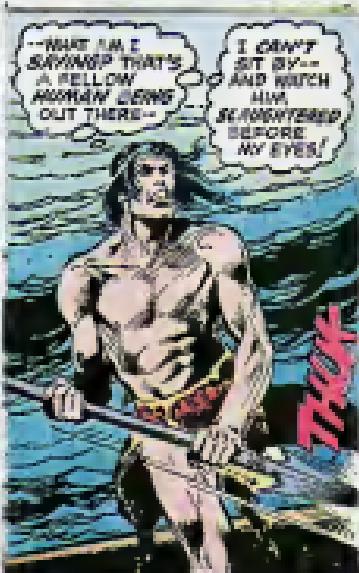
YET THERE IS ONE IN
THE TERRIFIED CROWD
WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE
NOT OF DYING...

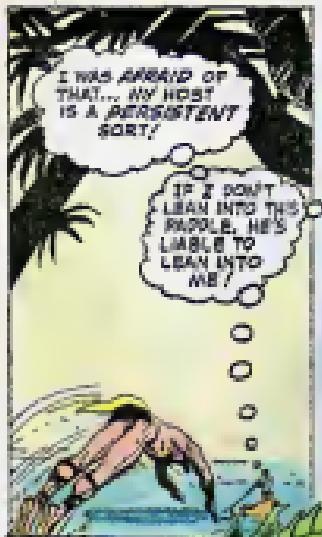


DETERMINED TO TAKE THE REST
OF THE WORLD WITH IT TO
THE GRAVE!

...BUT ESCAPE!







PROPPING ITS INTENDED VICTIM,
THE HIDEOUS SERPENT TURNS
ITS ATTENTION TO ITS NEW
SOURCE OF ANNOYANCE...



HOW NOW?
IF THE
SERPENT
WANTS ME
GET ME...

...THE BOAT
OWNER
WILL!



BUT, SURPRISINGLY...

LOOKS LIKE
HE RECOGNIZES
A MUTUAL
ENEMY! HE'S
GIVING ME A
HELPING
HAND!

DESPERATELY, THE TWO MEN
FORCE THEIR ONE FRAIL
WEAPON DEEPER AND
DEEPER INTO THE MONSTER'S
MAW-- UNTIL...



WE DID
IT! MUST
HAVE
PENETRATED
SOME
VITAL
ORGAN!

THAT NIGHTMARE
IS... SWINGY!



AND I MAY
SOON
FOLLOW...

UNLESS I CAN
CONVINCE THIS
FELLOW I MEAN
HIM NO HARM...

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, THE TWO CLING
TERACIOUSLY TO THE SOLITARY WEAPON,
ALL THE WHILE STARING AT ONE ANOTHER IN
STUNNED WONDERMENT-- THEN, AT LAST...



HE'S LET GO
OF THE SPEAR--
--AND HE'S
PUTTING OUT HIS
HAND! GUESS HE
REALIZES THAT
I SAVED HIS
LIFE!

IT SEEMS I'VE
MADE ANOTHER
FRIEND HERE--
AND I MAY NEED
ONE--

--TO GET OUT
OF PELLICULAR
--ALIVE!

NEXT ISSUE
ON SALE ON
OR ABOUT
OCT. 31

THE TEMPLE OF THE DAMNED!

WEIRD WORDS

As I write this, the first issue of *Weird Words* is not yet on sale. Consequently, we have no staff on it. But we do have a couple of letters. *Mars* Leinbacher and *Broadress* happened to be passing through our offices, read the proofs for *WW* #1, and asked if they might comment.

Which was like asking a starving man if he could possibly enjoy a gourmet meal. I mean, it would have been pretty embarrassing if the meal had been bland.

So I fed them to a typewriter, supplied them with the foul-tasting office coffee we call coffee and—

* * * * *

Dear Dennis:

Just saw the first issue of *Weird Words*. Now that there are three Burroughs maps instead of two, I guess ERB fans can get one-and-a-half times as happy. Not only that, but the strips have grown to 10-plus pages! "The only just..."

However, Murphy Anderson's *John Carter of Mars* is to be held—especially the delectable Dejah Thoris—but the *Pellucidar* story seems to have lost something in the transition from filler to lead. Or maybe it's the transition from Alan Weiss' dramatic original to these strangely darkened comic book pages. Whatever the explanation, Carter seems squat and bloated, while Jane struts along herky-jerky. I mean, I admit I haven't read the original ERB text, but Clark and Frazee as far back as one man bears hath in *Fallard* and the *Gray Mooger*.

If I've come on too negative, it's only because I care especially. ERB's *Weird Words* is the sort of comic I'd prefer to read all day long. So I beg everyone concerned: please try harder. Luck what I get *Atta*.

Respectfully yours,
Ed Leinbacher
Seattle, Wash.

Points well taken, Ed. There were a few bugs in the first issue—there always are, alas. I think we've gotten them pretty well exterminated now, though

Am I wrong? Let me know, okay?

* * * * *

Dear Dennis:

Congratulations on the first issue of *Weird Words*. I had until now considered it an injustice that two of Edgar Rice Burroughs' finest creations should be reduced to a few pages as a filler for the more popular *Tarzan* title, and I am glad to see this situation rectified.

Len Wein's "Pellucidar" in particular, is faithful to the flavor of the Burroughs' novels, and it is encouraging to see the master storyteller given decent representation in a media which is so finely suited to that type of format. Similarly Alan Weiss' art enhances the atmosphere on which such a story heavily depends. Like Alex Raymond, Weiss is able to delineate a world of total imagination, yet insist in it a unique reality all its own.

Murphy Anderson's art on "John Carter of Mars" appears to be his best since Hawkmen, and again Mary Wolfman's script must be commended for retaining the spirit of high adventure and human drama that has made the Burroughs novels so popular.

Best of luck with "Weird Words."

Sincerely,
Gerry Broadress
248 Broad Street
Cumberland RI 02864

As mentioned in this space last time, Gerry, always professional in the business is knocked out by Sir Murphy's version of the red planet, et al. Weiss, Wein and Wolfman—our triple W—are all good and get ever better with every job they do. The mind boggles at the staff they'll be turning out a year from now. Christmas lies ahead, friends.

* * * * *

Next: more comic and less more of the special Burroughs blend of fantasy and breath-taking action. Do it with ya, boy!

Till then—

Peace,
Gerry